

drawer of a chiffenier otherwise filled

with collars. It took but a moment to

satisfy myself that this had not been

touched. And to be sure, a hammer

was not necessary to open a drawer

that had, from its appearance, never

been locked. The game was deeper

than I had imagined; I had scratched

the crust without result, and my wits

brushed my clothes, pausing frequent-

ly to examine the furniture, even the

One thing only I found-the slight

scar of a hammer-head on the oak

paneling that ran around the bed-

near the base and at the top of every

panel, for though the mark was not

perceptible on all, a test had evidently

een made systematically. With this

as a beginning, I found a moment

later a spot of tallow under a heavy

table is one corner. Evidently the

furniture had been moved to permit

of the closest scrutiay of the paneling.

prove exciting. I took from a drawer

a small revolver, filled its chambers

with cartridges and thrust it into my

hip pocket, whistling meanwhile Larry

Donovan's favorite air. "The Marche

Funebre de Marionnetten." My heart

went out to Larry as I scented adven-

ture, and I wished him with me; but

speculations as to Larry's where

abouts were always profitless, and

quite likely he was in fall somowhere.

There is, I have always held, nothing

better in this world than a properly

"Bates," I said, as he stood forth

"I can hardly say I know it, sir.

"He didn't die of gout, did he? I

"No. Mr. Glenarm. It was his heart.

"Ah, yes; to be sure. The heart or

The game that he and I were play-

crackers, and then lighted one of my

Tangler with our lives and the curses

The day had offered much material

for fireside reflection, and I reviewed

ever, one incident that I found un-

pleasant in the retrospect. I had been

toward one of the girls of St. Agatha's.

It had certainly been unbecoming in

though they were—that passed be-

tween her and the chaplain. I forgot

the shot through the window; I forgot

Bates and the interest my room pos-

sessed for him and his unknown ac-

complice; but the sudden distrust and

contempt I had awakened in the girl

by my clowaish behavior annoyed me

I rose presently, found my cap and

went out into the moon-flooded wood

toward the lake. The tangle was not

so great when you knew the way.

and there was indeed, as I had found.

the faint suggestion of a path. The

moon giorified a broad highway across

the water; the air was sharp and still.

I followed the wall of St. Agatha's to

the gate, climbed up and sat down in

the shadow of the pillar farthest from

the lake. I drew out a cigarette and

was about to light it when I heard a

sound as of a step on stone. There

was, I knew, no stone pavement at

hand, but peering toward the lake I

saw a man walking boldly along the

top of the wall toward me. The moon-

light threw his figure into clear relief.

Several times he paused, bent down

and rapped upon the wall with an

Tap, tap, tap! The man with the

hammer was examining the farther

side of the gate, and very likely he

would carry his investigations beyond

ft. I drew up my legs and crouched

in the shadow of the pillar, revolver

in hand. I was not anxious to invite

an encounter: I much preferred to

wait for a disclosure of the purpose

that lay behind this mysterious tap-

But the matter was taken out of my

own hands before I had a chance to

debate it. The man dropped to the

ground, sounded the stone base under

ly without results, struck a spiteful

crack upon the from barn, then steed

ping upon walls.

object he carried in his hand.

increasingly.

The ham of whose excellence Bates

Glenarm House really promised to

The wood had been struck

bricks on the hearth.

busy with speculations as I

CHAPTER VII. The Man on the Wall

I was so thoroughly angry with myself that after idling along the shores for an hour I lost my way in the dark wood when I landed and brought up at the rear door used by Bates for communication with the villagers who suppiled us with provender. I readily found my way to the kitchen and to a Sight of stairs beyond, which connected the first and second floors. I stumbled up the unfamiliar way in the dark. with, I fear, a malediction upon my grandfather, who had built and left in complete a house so utterly propos-My unpardonable fling at the girl still rankled; and I was cold from a gulek descent of the night chill on the water and anxious to get into some afortable clothes. Once on the secfloor I was sure of the location of my room, and I was feeling my way toward it over the rough floor when I heard low voices rising apparently rom my sitting-room.

It was pitch dark in the hall. I stopped short and listened. The door of my room was open and a faint light ed once into the hall and disappeared. I heard now a sound as of a

hammer tapping upon wood-work. Then it ceased and a voice whis-

"He'll kill me if he finds me here. I'll try again to-morrow. I swear to God I'll help you, but no more now-"

Then the sound of a scuffle and again the tapping of the hammer. had hinted was no disappointment After several minutes more of this there was a whispered dialogue which I could not hear.

baked ham, and the specimen Bates Whatever was occurring two or placed before me was a delight to the three points struck me on the instant. One of the conspirators was an unwill- eye, -so adorned was it with spices; ing party to an act as yet unknown; so crisply brown its outer coat; and a second, they had been unsuccessful taste,-that first tentative taste, beand must wait for another opports fore the sauce was added, was like nity; and third, the business, whatever a dream of Luculius come true. I felt It was, was clearly of some importance that I could forgive a good deal in a to myself, as my own apartments in cook with that touch,-anything short my grandfather's strange house had of arson and secassination! been chosen for the investigation.

Clearly I was not prepared to close where I could see him, "you cook the incident, but the idea of frighten- amazingly well. Where did you learn ing my visitors appealed to my sense the business!" of humor. I tiptoed to the front stairway, ran lightly down, found the front Your lamented grandfather grew very door, and, from the inside, opened and captious, Mr. Glenarm. I had to learn slammed it. I heard instantly a hur- to satisfy him, and I believe I did it, ried scamper above, and the heavy fall sir, if you'll pardon the conceit. of one who had stumbled in the dark. I grinned with real pleasure at the can readily imagine it." sound of the mishsp, hastened to the great library, which was as dark as a He had his warning of it." well, and, opening one of the long windows, stepped out on the balcony. At the stomach,-one may as well fail as once from the rear of the house came the other. I believe I prefer to keep the sound of a stealthy step, which my digestion going as long as possible increased to a run at the ravine bridge. Those grilled sweet potatoes again, if I listened to the flight of the fugitive you please, Bates." through the wood until the sounds died ing appealed to me strongly. It was away toward the lake.

Then, turning to the library window, altogether worth while, and as I ate I saw Butes, with a candle held above guava jelly with cheese and toasted his head, peering about,

"Hello, Bates," I called cheerfully, own cigars over a cup of Bate's unfail-"I just got home and stepped out to ing coffee, my spirit was livelier than see if the moon had risen. I don't at any time since a certain evening on believe I know where to look for it in which Larry and I had escaped from this country."

He began lighting the tapers with of the police. his usual deliberation.

"It's a trifle early, I think, sir. About eight o'clock, I should say, was its history calmly. There was, how-

the hour, Mr. Glenarm." There was, of course, no doubt whatever that Bates had been one of the guilty of most unchivalrous conduct men I heard in my room. It was wholly possible that he had been compelled to assist in some lawless act, me to sit on the wall, however unwilligninst his will; but why, if he had ingly, and listen to the words-few been forced into aiding a criminal, should be not invoke my own aid to protect himself? I kicked the logs in the fireplace impatiently at my uncertainty. The man slowly lighted the many candles in the great apartment. He was certainly a deep one. and his case grew more puzzling as I studied it in relation to the rifle shot of the night before, his collision with Morgan in the wood, which I had witnessed; and now the house itself had been invaded by some one with his connivance. The rifle shot might have been innocent enough; but taken in connection with these other matters it could hardly be brushed aside.

Bates lighted me to the stairway, and said as I passed him:

"There's a baked ham for dinner. I should call it extra delicate. Mr. Glenarm. I suppose there's no change in the dinner hour, sir?"

"Certainly not," I said with asperity; for I am not a person to inaugurate a dinner hour one day and change it the next. Bates wished to make conversation—the sure sign of a guilty conscience in a servant,-and I was not disposed to encourage him.

I closed the doors carefully and began a thorough examination of both the sitting-room and the little bedchamber. I was quite sure that my own effects could not have attracted the two men who had taken advantage of my absence to visit my quarters. Butes had belped unpack my trunk and undoubtedly knew every item of my simple wardrobe. I threw open the doors of my three closets and found them all in the good order established by Bates. He had carried my trunks and bags to a store-room, so that everything I owned must have passed under his eye. My maney the gate, likewise the pillars, evident even, the remnant of my fortune that ir without results, struck a spitchal I had drawn from the Now York bank.

up abruptly and socked me straight in the eyes. It was Morgan, the caretaker of the summer colony. "Good evening, Mr. Morgan," I said

settling the revolver into my hand There was no doubt about his surprise; he fell back, staring at me hard, and instinctively drawing the hammer over his shoulder as though to Bing it

"Just stay where you are a mo ment, Morgan," I said pleasantly, and dropped to a sitting position on the wall for greater ease in talking to

He stood sullenly, the hammer dangling at arm's length, while my revolver covered his head.

"Now, if you please, I'd like to know what you mean by prowling about here and rummaging my house!" 'Oh. It's you is it. Mr. Glenarm'

Well, you certainly gave me a bad His air was one of relief and his

teeth showed pleasantly through his beard. "It certainly is L. But you haven't answered my question. What were

you doing in my house to-day?" He smiled again, shaking his head. You're really fooling. Mr. Glenarm I wasn't in your house to-day; I never was in it in my life!"

His white teeth gleamed in his light beard; his hat was pushed back from his forehead so that I saw his even and he wore unmistakably the air of a man whose conscience is perfectly clear. I was confident that he lied. but without appealing to Bates I was not prepared to prove it.

"But you can't deny that you're or my grounds now, can you!" I had dropped the revolver to my knee, but I raised it again.

"Certainly not. Mr. Glenarm. If you'll allow me to explain-" "That's precisely what I want you

"Well, it may seem strange,"-he laughed, and I felt the least bit foolish to be pointing a pistol at the head of a fellow of so amiable a spirit. "Hurry." I commanded.

"Well, as I was saying, it may seem strange: but I was just examining the wall to determine the character of the work. One of the cottagers on the lake left me with the job of building a fence on his place, and I've been a pecting to come over to look at this all fall. You see, Mr. Glenarm, you honored grandfather, was a master in such matters, and I didn't see any harm in getting the benefit-to put it

so-of his experience." I laughed. He had denied having entered the house with so much assurance that I had been prepared for some really plausible explanation of his interest in the wall.

"Morgan-you said it was Morgan, didn't you!-you are undoubtedly a scoundrel of the first water."

"Men have been killed for saying less," he said. "And for doing less than fire through

windows at a man's head. It wasn't friendly of you."

"I don't see why you center all your suspicions on me. You exaggerate my importance, Mr. Glenarm. I'm only the man-of-all-work at a summer resort."

"I wouldn't believe you, Morgan, if you swore on a stack of Bibles as high

"Thanks!" he ejaculated mockingly. Like a flash he swung the hammer



Like a Flash He Flung the Hammer Over His Head and Drove It at Me.

over his head and drove it at me, and at the same moment I fired. The hammer-head struck the pillar near the outer edge and in such a manner that the handle flew around and smote me smartly in the face. By the time I reached the ground the man was already running rapidly through the park, darting in and out among the trees, and I made after him at hot

The hammer-handle had struck my mouth, and the whole lower half of my face stung from the blow. I abused myself roundly for managing the encounter so stupidly, and in my rage fired twice with no aim whatever after the flying figure of the care-He clearly had the advantage of familiarity with the wood, striking off boldly into the heart of it, and quickly widening the distance between us; but I kept on, even after I ceased to hear him threshing through the undergrowth, and came out presently at the margin of the lake about 50 feet from the boat-house. I waited in its shadow for some time, expecting to see the fellow again, but he did not

I found the wall with difficulty and followed it back to the gate. It would be fust as well, I thought, to possess myself of the hammer; and I dropped down on the St. Agatha side of the wall and groped about among the leaves until I found it.

Then I walked home, went into the librory, alight with its many candles | ment."

before the fire to meditate. I had been absent from the house only forty-five minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

A String of Gold Beads. A moment after I had flung myself down before the fire, Bates entered with a fresh supply of wood. watched him sarrowly for some sign of perturbation, but he was not to be caught off guard. Possibly he had not heard the shots in the wood; at any rate, he tended the fire with his usual gravity, and after brushing the hearth paused respectfully.

"Is there anything further, sir" "I believe not. Bates. Oh! here's a

hammer I picked up out in the grounds a bit ago. I wish you'd see if it belongs to the house."

He examined the implement with care and shook his head.

"R doesn't belong here, I think, sir But we sometimes find tools left by the carpenters that worked on the house. Shall I put this in the tool chest, sir?"

Never mind. I need such a thing now and then and I'll keep it handy. "Very good, Mr. Glenarm."

We were not getting anywhere; the fellow was certainly an incomparable actor.

You must find it pretty lonely here. Bates? Don't hesitate to go to the village when you like.

"I thank you, Mr. Glenarm; but I am not much for idling. I keep a few books by me for the evenings. Annandale is not what you would exactly call a diverting village."

"I fancy not. But the exretaker over at the summer resort has even a onelier time, I suppose. That's what might be I'd call a pretty cheerless job .- watch ing summer cottages in the winter."

That's Morgan, sir. I meet him occasionally when I go to the village; he's a very worthy person, I should call him, on slight acquaintance."

"No doubt of it, Bates. Any time through the winter you want to have reminiscential of Alma Tadama and as him in for a social glass, it's all right

When I plunged into the wood in the middle of the next afternoon it was with the definite purpose of 're and a mood and as the shadows except turning to the upper end of the lake through the wood before me and the for an interview with Morgan, who water, stirred by the status wind, be had, so thates informed me, a small gan to best below, I invoked the one house back of the cottages-

of the south tasted of rain. I scanned or careless member of the summer colthe water and the borders of the lake ony. I counted the separate beadsfor signs of life,-more particularly, I they were round and there were 50 of may as well admit, for a certain ma- them. The proper length for one turn roon canne and a girl in a red tame, about a girl's throat, perhaps, not shanter; but lake and summer cottages were mine alone. I landed and looked off toward St. Agatha's. began at once my search for Morgan. There were many paths through the very sorry I was rude to you yesterin a thicket of young maples.

the door quickly in response to my And these golden bubbles (O girl of

"Good afternoon, Morgan."

said, taking his pipe from his mouth and I, and there must be peace bethe better to grin at me. He showed tween our houses." no sign of surprise, and I was nettled in my visit to the house of a man who set. had shown so singular an interest in

"Morwan-" I began.

"Thank you, no," I snapped.

"Suit yourself, Mr. Glenarm." He seemed to like my name and gave it a disagreeable drawling emphasis.

guard. You have tried twice to kill

he grinned. "But you'd better cut

off one for this." He lifted the gray fedora hat from his head, and poked his finger through

a hole in the top. "You're a pretty fair shot, Mr. Glenarm. The fact about me is."-and he

winked,-"the honest truth is, I'm all out of practice. Why, sir, when I saw you paddling out on the lake this afternoon I sighted you from the casino half a dozen times with my gun, but Job Printing I was afraid to risk it." He seemed to be shaken with inner mirth "it I'd missed, I wasn't sure you'd be scared to death!"

For a novel diversion I heartfly recommend a meeting with the assassin who has, only a few days or hours be fore, tried to murder you. I know at nothing in the way of social adventure that is quite equal to it.

"Morgan, I hope you understand that I am not responsible for any injury my grandfather may have inflict ed on you. I hadn't seen him for several years before he dled. I was never at Glenarm before in my life, so it's a little rough for you to visit your displeasure on me.

He smiled tolerancey as I spoke. I knew-and he knew that I did-that no ill feeling against my grandfather lay back of his interest in my affairs.

"You're not quite the man your grandfather was, Mr. Gienarm. You'll excuse my bluntness, but I take it that you're a frank man yourself. He was a very keen person, and, I'm afraid,"-he chuckled with evident afraid, Mr. Glenarm, that you're not! "There you have it, Morgan! I fully

acree with you! I'm as dull as an oyster; that's the reason "'ve called on you for enlightenment. Consider that I'm here under a flag of truce, and let's see if we can't come to an agree

There was a time when we might have done some business; but that's past now. You seem like a pretty decent fellow, too, and I'm surry 1 didn't see you sooner; but better luck next time.

"Well." I said, seeing that I should only make myself ridiculous by trying to learn anything from him, "I hope our little spats through windows and on walls won't interfere with our pleasant social relations. And I don't healthie to tell you,"-I was exerting myself to keep down my anger, - "that if I catch you on my ground again I'll fill you with lead and sink you in the lake."

"Thank you, sir," he said, with so perfect as imitation of Bates votes and manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

"And now, if you'll promise not to fire into my back I'll wish you good day. Otherwise-

He snatched off his hat and bowed profoundly. "It'll suit me much better to continue handling the case on your own grounds," he said, as though he referred to a business matter. "Killing a man on your own property requires some explaining-you may have noticed it?"

"Yes; I commit most of my murders away from home," I said. "I formed the habit early in life. Good day, Mor-

As I turned away he closed his door with a slam .- a delicate way of assur ing me that he was acting in good faith, and not preparing to puncture my back with a rifle ball. I regained the lake shore, feeling no great discouragement over the lean results of my interview, but rather a fresh zest for the game, whatever the game

The sun was going his ruddy way beyond St. Agatha's as I drove my canno into a little cove near which the girl in the tum-o shanter had disappeared the day before. The shore was high here and at the crest was a long curved beach of stone, boldly elearly the ereation of John Marshall Glenarm as though his name had been carved upon it.

It was assured a spot for a pipe and yielded to the other. Something I took the cance I had chosen for in the withered grass at my feet my own use from the boathouse and caught my eye. I bent and picked up paddled up the lake. The air was a string of gold heads, dropped there, still warm, but the wind that blew out no doubt, by some girl from the school

"Child of the red tam o shanter, I'm woods back of the cottages, and I folday, for I liked your steady stroke with lowed several futilely before I at last the paddle and I admired even more. found a small house snugly hid away the way you spurned me when you saw that among all the cads in the The man I was looking for came to world I am number one in Class A. the red tam-o'shanteri), if they are not yours you shall help me to find ."Good afternoon, Mr. Glenarm," he the owner, for we are neighbors, you

more than that! I lifted my eyes and

With this findishness I ross thrust by his cool reception. There was, I the bends into my pocket, and paddled felt, a certain element of recklesaness home in the waning glory of the sun-

That night as I was going quite late my affairs, and his cool greeting to bed, bearing a candle on light me CATLETTSBURG EVERY SUNDAY, through the dark ball to my room I neard a curious sound, as of some one Won't you come in and rest your | walking in the house. At first I thought self, Mr. Glenarm" he interrupted. Extes was still abroad but I waited, I recken you're tired from your trip Hatening for several minutes, without being able to mark the exact direction of the sound or to identify it with him. I went on to the door of my room, and still a muffled step seemed to follow me first it had come from below, "Morgan, you are an infernal black- then it was much like some one going up stairs,-but where? In my own room I still heard steps, light, slow "We'll call it that, if you like,"-and but distinct. Again there was a stumble and a hurried recovery,-ghosts, I reflected, do not fall down stairs!

The sound died away, seemingly to some distant part of the house, and though I prowled about for an hour it did not recur that night.

(To Be Continued.)

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